

## CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

I KNOW WHAT DICK'S ENGAGEMENT WAS.

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The taxi came before Dick was dressed, but I sat serenely, saying nothing. I know he expected me to be impatient, but after I had asked him if he intended to go to the party and received his petulant answer, "What do you think I'm getting into evening clothes for?" I simply said, "The taxi is here," and sat down with all my wraps on to wait for him.

I could hear him impatiently hunting for articles, but as I knew I had put everything necessary for his toilet out where he could find them I did not budge from my chair, where I read the evening paper and commanded my patience.

At last he came from his room without a word, put on his overcoat and started for the door. I trailed after him and we rode over to Mrs. Tenney's in silence.

"I am so glad you could come, Margie," was Donna's welcome, and then she looked beyond me to where Dick stood and said, "Isn't Eleanor Fairlow with you? I thought you were going to bring her, Mr. Waverly."

Dick's face got brick red, but after a moment's hesitation he said, "I believe Miss Fairlow is coming with Mr. Edie."

I could not help from whispering to Dick as we passed on, "A friend in need is a friend indeed."

Then Dick made the mistake of asking, "What do you mean?"

"I mean," I answered, "that your engagement this evening was to take Eleanor Fairlow to this party, and when you found I insisted upon coming you had to make other arrangements, and Jim, in his good nature, offered to take her off your hands."

"Let me explain."

"Not tonight, Dick," I wearily re-

joined. "I don't want to quarrel with you here where people can discover it."

"But, Margie——"

"I want to have a good time, Dick, if I can—let's call a truce." Just then, much to my relief, Mr. Hatton came up and asked me to dance.

As I accepted Dick said, "I thought a wife should at least dance the first dance with her husband."

"Did I promise that during the marriage ceremony?" I asked through smiling lips as I dropped into the one-step with Mr. Hatton. My heart, however, was grieving. Why does Dick systematically keep it from me when he sees Eleanor Fairlow? I kept wondering while I was dancing if he had intended to bring her alone, and then I dismissed that from my mind, for I was sure he would not defy the conventions to such an extent.

"Why are you so silent, Mrs. Waverly?" asked Mr. Hatton.

"Pardon me. I presume I was enjoying the dancing so much that I forgot."

"No, you were not; while your feet were moving so rhythmically your soul was far away."

"So you believe that women have souls?" was my smiling retort.

"I know that you have one, dear lady, and it sometimes wars with your body until you grow utterly weary of living—just as I do."

I stopped dancing in utter surprise. It was such a queer thing for him to say.

"You love comfort and all material things, Mrs. Waverly," he continued, "but when that austere soul of yours says 'no' you always give up without a murmur."

"And do you?" I asked.

"Not always, but I am always sorry when I do not."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)